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If it takes 40,000 Spanish regular

troops to dispose of "a few bandits" how many would it require to deal with a formidable rebellion? Thirty years ago these days Grant

was pressing Lee toward Appomattox, but there are thousands who dislike to believe that it was so many years away.

When it shall be clear that Governor Altgeld, of anarchistic disrepute, is behind the silver Democracy in Illinois it will not be so popular as it might have

Now that the Sugar Trust has gone to making spirits why does not the battered Whisky Trust turn its attention to sugar refining? Perhaps both have missed their real calling.

In November, 1894, the city of New York cast 263,000 votes, while Chicago polled 259,000 last Tuesday. If the "greater New York," which will include Brooklyn, is not hastened, Chicago will soon outdo the Eastern metropolis.

The real question in this country is between bimetallism and silver monometallism. Those who favor free silver coinage by the United States alone at the present ratio are really silver monometallists, though most of them do not

The Philadelphia Board of Tax Revision has refused to remit the rates on Grace Baptist Church on the ground that the building is used for entertainments and not solely for religious purposes. A universal application of this rule would add greatly to the public revenues. Few churches would escape.

If \$160,000,000 of capital shall be invested in establishing an opposition telephone plant, the people at large will be benefited by this use of the money of capitalists. If, on the contrary, the new plant is established for the purpose of compelling the present monopoly to purchase it at a large profit to the new company, the people will not be bene-

A writer who claims to be versed in Oriental politics says that while Japan wants to vanquish China she does not want to change the form of government or overthrow the present dynasty. He says the Japanese government has conceived for the far East a parallel to the Monroe doctrine which might be formulated as "Asia for the Asiatics," and that while she desires the Chinese government to become progressive she does not desire its overthrow.

Members of the famous Seventh Reg-

iment of New York have been learning to ride on bicycles, and one day last week they had a drill on wheels. Forty men under command of an officer went on the armory floor with their wheels and went through a variety of paces, if the term may be used in this connection. They drilled walking beside their wheels, and then mounted and glided here and there and everywhere in military style, forming at last into hollow squares. General Miles was present and was so pleased with the performance that he declared his intention of recom mending the bicycle to the Secretary of War as an aid to infantry regiments in the regular army. Thus does the wheel extend its field. It is making itself indispensable in every class of soclety, and is doing its part with other modern improvements to revolutionize methods of existence.

The reasons assigned for the rise in

the price of beef are plausible. The receipts of cattle at Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago during the past three months were 231,000 less than during the corresponding period of last year, and 281,000 less than during the first three months of 1893. It is claimed that the supply of beef cattle in the great feeding States is 40 per cent. less than a year ago, and that the shortage in range stock is fully 25 per cent. The cause for the shortage is the drought of last season along the Missouri river and in the Sioux reservations, where Texas cattle are driven for pasturage. The short corn crop has had its effect. Besides these causes, the low price of cattle for several years has caused a decline in production. Many of the big cattle companies have gone out of the business. These are natural causes, and consequently the advance of prices is natural. Supply and demand have and always will govern prices. When the supply is in excess of the demand no human ingenuity can prevent low prices. On the other hand, no combination of "bears" can prevent a rise of prices when the supply falls below the current demand.

The New York Academy of Medicine has discussed the virtues of anti-toxin nd has reached the conclusion that he patient must be treated soon after the outbreak of the disease, else the

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL application is not really efficacious. As eported, the medical gentiemen present had nothing to say about the case of the Brooklyn girl who died in ten minutes after an application of the remedy, although she was in the early stages of the disease. The truth is that the use of this medicine is still only an experiment, and the doctors themselves understand little about it. Many patients to whom it is administered recover, but the physicians cannot be sure that they would not have recovered without it; others die, sometimes unexpectedly and with unusual symptoms, and the doctors talk learnedly of "complications," and privately are much mystified. Cautious and conservative people who reluctantly submit to vaccination as a possible protection against a worse evil look with distrust upon the increasing number of "serums" that physicians are prepared to pump into their veins. They are not prepared to say that the remedies will not do all their discoverers profess, but they lose a feeling of faith in their medical advisers when they see them accept the various decoctions of "old hoss" offered as scientific cures and use them in their practice without hesitation and while yet really ignorant of their

THE INCOME TAX DECISION.

properties and effect.

A statement which seems to be based on correct information shows that the decision of the Supreme Court on the income-tax law will nullify some of the most important provisions of the law and leave the entire enactment in a very crippled condition Of the eight judges who heard the argument and rendered the decision four, it is said, were in favor of pronouncing the entire law unconstitutional, while each of the other four was opposed to particular features of it. The result was a series of compromises which leave the law as a whole in force but overthrow some of its most important provisions.

The court holds that the tax on income from rents is equivalent to a tax on real estate itself, and therefore a direct tax and unconstitutional, and it holds that the tax on income from State and municipal bonds is equivalent to taxing bonds themselves, and therefore invalid. The exemption of these two classes of property from the operation of the law will release an immense amount of income-producing property from the tax and will give the law a very unequal and unjust application. Manufacturers, business mcn, professional men, bankers and salaried men of all classes whose incomes exceed \$4 .-000 a year will have to pay the tax, while those who have large incomes from real estate or from State and municipal bonds will be exempt. Trust companies which own large amounts of have to pay on their incomes from these sources. The tenant or renter whose income exceeds \$4,000 a year will have to pay, while his landlord will not. State and county officers whose salaries exceed \$4,000 will have to pay, while the holder of a million dollars of State and county bonds will be exempt.

The result of the decision will be to make the law far more unpopular than it has been before, and probably insure its early repeal. It will greatly reduce the revenue which the tax was expected to produce and lead to much confusion in the internal-revenue department. As a great many returns have already been made, including incomes from rents and State and municipal bonds, there will be numerous claims for rebate on these items, and this may lead to litigation. The situation is a direct result of hasty and crude

UNCLASSIFIED REFLECTIONS.

The Journal recently published a sentence or two from a private letter written by a lady of some literary instincts, but who has never written anything for publication. On seeing a bit of her composition and her name in print, she writes: "You don't know what rash thing that may lead me to do. I may even attempt to write for publication. It is a dangerous thing to once see one's self in print. It incites one to all sorts of nonsense." This lady comes of a literary family, and, by the law of heredity, ought to be an author, but as yet she is not. Her light, but, perhaps, half serious, remark suggests an interesting line of thought.

No doubt there are many persons like this lady, undeveloped writers who have the elements of authorship in them, who, by the laws of nature and heredity, ought to be creators and producers in literature, but who do not become so simply through failure to get started on that line. They are the "mute, inglorious Miltons," the songless birds, the voiceless poets, the undeveloped authors

of an unborn literature. But it is hard to repress genius entirely and permanently. As a very small spark may fire a train that will kindle a great conflagration, so an apparently insignificant circumstance may release intellectual forces that will move the world. A young wolf's first taste of blood is a turning point in its life, and an undeveloped author's first taste of fame may prove equally so. The first sight of one's self in print is apt to have a peculiar effect, and may prove the starting point of lasting emotions and activities. Old actors testify that while popular applause never ceases to be delightful, the first round they ever received had a charm and flavor that no later one ever possessed. Orators say that the first discovery of their power gave them more happiness than any subsequent exercise of it. And probably so it is with writers, that the first sight of one's self in print produces a deeper and more pleasurable thrill than any

subsequent appearance. The editor of such a paper as the Journal, in the exercise of a critical judgment or the enforcement of a high standard, has to reject a great many contributions which the authors think are more worthy of publication than much they see in print. It is unfortunate that authors and publishers or editors cannot always agree, but it seems to have been ordered otherwise. The sympathetic editor must sometimes have a feeling that in the thousands of spring poems he or she may have rejectedfor she is apt to be more critical and rejective than he-there may have been some whose rejection operated to extinguish a feeble light that had the possi- part of its regiments which made a national bilities of great brilliancy, discouraging a budding genius that might have blossomed into a Tennyson or a Browning. But this feeling is compensated, on the

been the means of conferring on some people the unique and unapproachable happiness of seeing themselves for the first time in print and feeling a swelling of the heart they ne'er can feel again. To have conferred such happiness on even one aspiring soul is not to have lived in vain. THE COMING NEWSPAPER.

Ex-Mayor Grant, of New York, is an unmarried man, and, being a prominent citizen, the newspapers of the metropolis assume that his matrimonial purposes are matters in which the public is deeply interested and on which it has the right to be intormed. Consequently, it happens every few months that his engagement is armounced on the authority of nobody in particular, the name of a different lady being used in each instance. Mr. Grant has at last been moved to protest. He says he does not understand the motive of the reports, but he does know that it is not the right of the newspapers to couple the names of young ladies with his name, thus giving them a publicity to which they ought not to be exposed, and against which they have no means of shelter. It is not fair journalism, he says, and is not a thing which a decent journalist can defend. The ex-Mayor is quite right. It is not fair journalism, and decent journalists do not defend it; nevertheless, a great many newspapers which boast of the title "enterprising" operate under a policy which not only permits but encourages this sort of invasion of personal privacy. Mr. Grant's case is merely a sample of the many continually occurring.

Exactly what constitutes "news" in the legitimate sense is a question on which there is always likely to be a difference of opinion. Editor Dana has expressed himself as feeling justified in printing an account of anything the Lord permitted to happen, but Dana's remark must be taken with a degree of allowance, for even the columns of his paper have their limitations, and certain things that happen are reported in them briefly, if at all. But, though he may defend the publication of all daily events of general interest, he cannot approve the turning of a newspaper into a medium for the transmission of petty personal gossip. This is precisely what a class of newspapers is becoming, and the big papers of the large cities are the greatest offenders in this respect. Some of them are little more than enlarged editions of the crossroads weeklies, which chronicle the doings of a country neighborhood, but with the difference that, whereas, the country paper takes the pains to be fairly accurate in its record of local happenings, the metropolitan daily prints whatever comes to its dragnet; whether true or false does not matter, so long as it is sensational.

In a syndicate article, recently, a number of journalists gave their opinions as to what the daily newspaper of the twentieth century would be. Their views differed on minor matters, but their ideal paper seemed to be one combining all the features of the presentday sheet in an improved degree. The field of news would be better covered, the literature would be of a higher grade, and the "artistic" features, meaning the illustrations, would be nearer perfection-certainly a desirable thing if illustrations are to be used. They did not decide that gossip is not the chief end and aim of a paper-perhaps because they believe that the public wants gossip and must be gratified; nevertheless, the paper which is the ideal of many persons will not be a record of gossip-inane, if it is no worse. It will not be obliged to fill a certain number of columns if there is no news to justify it: it will have no articles written to fill space; it will have no carefully planned "sensations," a term commonly used to describe a column of pyrotechnic twaddle hiding, perhaps, a single insignificant fact, perhaps having no truth in it. It will have little or no syndicate matter, few illustrations or none, no magazine features, no forty-page editions. It will print what it considers to be legitimate news, and its first rule and its last in regard to it will be accuracy. There will be no unauthorized personal news; the editorial discipline will be strict and the force sufficiently large to give each man opportunity to do his work well and without undue haste. A few papers are working toward this ideal now, and though the undertaking is more difficult than outsiders can understand, they will doubtless have come nearer their aim when

the twentieth century dawns. Debs, who has been in California trying to organize his American Railway Union, is reported as saying that the strike is not a remedy because it has been tried and has been found inadequate. Mr. Debs seems to have profited by his experience. Among other things which he is reported as saying is that the people will not stand a strike which interferes with the whole business and industry of the country. Again, Mr. Debs is to be commended for his sagacity in that it has led him to see that the very people who may have been counted on to sustain strikes will be found to be opposed to them when they deprive whole sections of their markets, make the products of their labor valueless and impose general idleness, causing hundreds of thousands to suffer. Still, so long as Mr. Debs is about the country as a dictator, it would be well to have the courts make clear the right of the United States government to prevent interference with interstate com-

The School Board of New Castle, Pa., has formally resolved that hereafter only the King James version of the Bible shall be read in the public schools of that place. This action was the result of an investigation made by the Junior O. U. A. M., in which it was found that a certain teacher was reading from a Catholic Bible and repeating the Catholic version of the Lord's Prayer. The proper way out of that d'fficulty would have been to omit Bible reading in the schools. By what right does the School Board force a King James version on Catholic pupils?

For a State which did so much to save the Union, Indiana has put less of its achievements on record than any of the larger States of the North. The larger reputation for sacrifice and valor have no histories thirty years after the war. What is to be done to rescue the achievements of many Indiana organizations must be done at once. Fortunately for one of these other hand, by the proud consciousness excellent regiments, Gii R. Stormont, editor which the editor has that he or she has

organization, is just completing a regimen-tal history of the Fifty-eighth Indiana. The proof sheets, which are samples of the work, show evidence of intelligent and patient work in collecting and putting into shape all the data. Several of the officers and men kept diaries, which have been utilized. It is a history of a regiment and the campaigns in which it participated. It is complete and minute in details. Indeed, it is so vivid that one can see the daily life of a regiment and of all the men in it. The work is now going through the press, and will be ready for its readers in a few weeks. It will be one of the most complete regimental histories ever published, and Mr. Stormont is entitled to great credit for the work, which has cost him so much patient labor and not a little money. Withal, the history of the Fifty-eighth will be a handsome book. There were a hundred Indiana regiments that should have done for them just what Mr. Stormont has done for the Fifty-eighth.

So many rear platform accidents have occurred in New York city by the too hasty starting of the cable cars when passengers were alighting or entering that the grand jury has recommended that the companies be required to keep an extra nan constantly stationed on the rear platform, whose sole duty shall be to give the signals for starting and stopping, while the conductor does nothing but collect fares. If rear platform passengers did not kindly take upon themselves the remaining duties of the conductor while that functionary is inside taking fares the need of the extra man would be felt on the Indianapolis trolley cars in busy hours. Inconvenience is often experienced by passengers through their inability to signal to the conductor when they wish to alight, his collecting not being completed in many cases until the car is far up town. A system of electric signals to reach the motorman, such as trolley cars in St. Louis are supplied with, would obviate this diffi-

Rev. A. B. Earle, an evangelist who died in Boston recently, is said to have saved 160,000 souls during the sixty years of his evangelical work. Even if these souls are not all of the first magnitude, 160,000 of them set as stars in a crown of rejoicing will make a diadem so dazzling that if Mr. Earle is a modest angel he will hesitate to wear it.

The Lexington correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says that ex-Congressman Breckinridge's "tout ensemble and suaviter in modo are still unimpaired, and his sang froid, though slightly disfigured, is still in the ring." This is Kentucky English as she

The Postoffice Department has decided that the use of postal cards by city authorities for notifying delinquent taxpayers is proper, as such notices are only resepctful notices of a delinquency.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Getting It. "Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely, as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." 'Well," said the other man, "you have

Defending Him.

mine."

Stern Father-So young Arduppe wants you to marry him, does he? It strikes me that he has a good deal of nerve to be seeking you empty-handed. Sweet Girl-Papa, he never comes empty-

handed. When he doesn't bring flowers he Numerous.

The weatherbeaten party looked thoughtfully into the bottom of his glass and re-

"I guess I never told you I organized brass band out West, did I?" "No," said the man with the large diamond, "Did you? How many pieces?"

The weatherbeaten man sighed. "When I organized it, there were sixteen," said he. "When the populace got through with us after our first public appearance, I calculate that the fragments must have numbered more than a hundred. Say about a hundred and twenty."

An Unfortunate Admission.

"You began practice in Arkansas, did you "Yes," replied the physician, "I did. would have gotten along all right, if had not been for my diploma. It occurred to one of the natives to ask what it was. 'My diploma,' I answered, 'is from one of the best schools in the country.' 'You don't mean to tell me,' said the old man, 'that you hadter go to school to larn your trade. do ye?' 'Certainly,' said I. 'That is enough fer me,' said the old man; 'any feller that hain't got no more nateral sense that he has to go to school to larn to be a doctor, an' him a grown man, ain't po man fer me, and he jammed his hands into his pockets and walked out. I stayed six weeks more and then gave it up."

LITERARY NOTES.

H. Rider Haggard has been selected as the Conservative candidate for Parliament for East Norfolk Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's book on "The Literary History of the American Revolunearly ready for publication. Miss Braddon, the novelist, has lost her husband, Mr. John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started Temple Bar. The Critic of March 30 is an educational number, containing notices of over one

educational character. A magazine, the first to appear in the West Indies, is to be published soon in the island of Antigua. Its name will be the Carib. There is enough unknown history and romance in the islands of the Spanish main and the Antilles to make it interest-

hundred text-books and other works of an

Many guessers, says the New York Tribune, are suggesting A. Conan Doyle as the author of the personal recollections of Joan of Arc, begun in the April Harper. But the article bears none of the earmarks of the popular English story teller. In fact, if the style is to be considered, only one man, Mark Twain, could have written it. The Critic warns as follows: "Aubrey Beardsley threatens us. That is what we get for having so persistently denounced the young man's eccentricities. nounces that he is coming to America, and may be here next month. He is going to lecture, and 'Italian Art' and 'Ugliness' will be his two subjects. On one of them, at least, he is thoroughly qualified to speak."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for early publication, "Doctor Izard," a new romance by Miss Anna Katherine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Marked Personal," etc. This story is described as quite distinct in character from the au-thor's previous books. It has already been printed as a serial, and the reviewers speak of it as "a story of distinctive originality and exceptional power, which will linger in the memory of its readers."

A recent number of Le Gaulois contained an interview with Zola on his forthcoming book, "Rome." The idea of this work, he says, was suggested to him by the newspapers while he was writing "Lourdes." his original plan having been to introduce a study of the Vatican and neo-Catholicism in the pages of the latter work. "Rome" will be of the same size as "La Debacle," and there will be forty characters. The head of the Catholic Church will be the principal figure in one scene, which will occurry an entire chapter. occupy an entire chapter.

Mme. Alphonse Daudet is about to publish a volume of poems. This will be her fourth book and her first poetical work. Mme. Daudet is given to the worship of literary style, and it is said that to her is due much of the verbal felicity which is found in her husband's work. Her tender and ceaseless devotion to him during his years of illness and suffering has undoubtedly preserved his life as well as forwarded his literary work—work of which she is extremely proud. Her own prose is graceful and finished to a high degree. Style is with

her an-inborn quality, and it has been per-lected and refined by persistent study.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS. General Booth is planning to send a colony of 10,000 persons to Canada.

Worth, the man dressmaker, made a forune estimated at \$5,000,000 during his ca-Queen Victoria is the only lady sovereign n Europe who never patronized the fa-

mous Parisian costumer, Worth, whose eath has recently been announced The French idea that France is a good country to live in is illustrated by the fact that the French immigrants to this country in the last fiscal year numbered only

Ex-Senator Thurman has become a strict recluse since the death of his wife. He reads all night, and spends the day asleep in his library in his house in Columbus, O. He is eighty-two years of age. A Chicago jury has declared that any-

body may tear down a red flag without being liable for the cost of the article. The verdict specifies that the red flag is a symbol of opposition to the authority of the law.

Commander Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, has been conducting, in Calvary Church, New York city, services, the announced object of which is to show that the so-called "better" people of the city need the work of the Salvation Army as well as the people in the slums,

M. Diebler, the French executioner, announces his intention of resigning. He has been suffering from the influenza. He is at the present moment, says the Gaulois. in negotiations with a view of assuring the succession of his son to his post, after which he will seek a well-earned rest. The Aitken Bible, a copy of which has just been sold in Boston for \$300, was the first Bible in the English language ever printed in America. The imprint is as follows: "Printed and sold by R. Aitken, at Pope's Head, three doors above the house in Market street, MDCCLXXXII." Rubinstein's will has been proved at St.

Petersburg. Two houses valued at \$175,000 and his author's rights were to be held in individual possession by his widow, his son and his married daughter. The heirs agreed to a partition, his author's rights, except for the opera, "The Demon," being assessed at only \$500 a year. It is stated that the people are so alarmed in Germany for fear the next child soon to be born to the Emperor and Empress will be a son that prayers have been offered in

some of the churches by the superstitious people to avert the calamity. There is a traditional prophecy that the Hohenzollern dynasty will fall when the Emperor has seven sons. There are six now in the family of the present ruler, and one daughter. Maurice Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has refused the presidency of the Hungarian branch of the Peace Society. He says: "I will deceive no one, I am prepared, if the powers of Europe agree to disarm, to pay three times the taxes I have paid up to the present. I will devote all my faculties to the great cause. But if my fatherland, my freedom, my nation, my king are attacked by any one, then I know no theories. I will take my gray head where it must fall in the noble

They laid him in his box of wood, With silver-mounted panels. He thought the spring had come for good. And shed his winter flannels.

HOW THE OTHER HALF DIE.

Edward W. Townsend, in New York Sun. "Me and the murdered lady was the only American ladies in the tenement," said the woman who had given Tommy a piece of crust with some sugar on it.

Tommy could not eat the crust and did not seem to crave for the sugar, for after he had held it to his pale lips a moment he let it drop from his little weak fingers to the floor, where two larger children fought for it until one of the Italian women rapped them over their heads and drove them out of the room, still snarling and

Pietro, the old Italian boarder, who held Tommy in his arms, crooned, "Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" and tried to place the baby's arms about his own brown and wrinkled neck, but Tommy's hands dropped to his side, too weak to do anything else. "Her name was Maggie," continued the American to the stranger, "She come here from Cherry Hill and took up with a Guinny here in Mulberry Bend. He abused her terrible, and the chair is too good for him.' Some of the Italian men scowled at the word "Guinny." They could not undestand all the American woman said, but they caught that word and showed their resentment. The Italian women, who could understand less English than the men. moaned, "Oh, Gesu! Oh, Gesu! Oh, Santa Maria!" their feelings moved more by the excitement than by horror at the crime or sorrow for the murdered woman, Maggie

where nearly all the life they knew went "Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" crooned old Pietro, patting the child's thin dirty little hands with one of his big hard palms. Tommy turned his pale, pinched face and big, beautiful, hopeless eyes toward Pietro, signed wearily, and then his eyelids drooped and closed; not in sleep, in languor.
"I wonder will the society agent be here

had not been popular in that back ten-

ement, nor in the court in front of it,

first, or the wagon," a young woman they called Lena said, with an air of important anticipation. "The wagon, sure," answered Lizzle, the American woman, as one understanding the governmental affairs of Mulberry Bend bet er than anyone else, not born there, could Lena had come from the other side of the Bowery, Hester street way. She took up with a pickpocket, not of her race, and had been driven from her people's colony. Even on the Bend she dared not go around to the Baxter-street side of the block, for they are nearly all Jews there; as nearly so as on the Mulberry-street side they are Italians. So she was practically a prisoner in the tenement and its court, because police would not let her go out on the street on her own side of the block, since the orders came from headquarters to

the women out of the saloons there for the protection of Jack ashore. It's near time for the wagon, then, ain't Lena asked of Lizzie. "Sure not," Lizzie responded. "Hasn't the cop to go to the Tombs with Joe and wait till he is held? And then the sergeant sends word to the coroner, and the wagon. I know well how it's done. Lena was impressed by this display of superior knowledge, and remained silent for a time. She looked into the closet bedroom, where Maggie's body was huddled in the corner where she had fallen on he knees while Joe slashed her life out. The policeman had taken away only Joe and the knife; all else in the blood-spat tered room remained as it was an ho ago, when the startled tenants rushed in and found Tommy crawling over the body and Joe, maniacally drunk, laughing and sobbing and cursing on Pietro's bed in the room where the crowd was now; one of the two rooms occupied by Joe and Maggle and Tommy and the boarder.
"I wonder couldn't we do something make Maggie look decenter," Lena whi

pered, after a long pause, during which the only sounds had been the moaning of the women. "Oh, Gesu!" and the crooning of old Pietro, "Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" "I wonder you want to go to the island, Lizzle snapped back harshly. "Don't yo know you'd get pinched if you touched the body before the wagon comes When Mollie body before the wagon comes When Mollie Arditti's Johnnie fell from the window and was dead before Mollie got there, and she carried him up to her room, didn't the wagon men threaten to send her to the island for making them climb all the stairs, when the kid died in the court? That's the law, ain't it, Mr. Moran?"

Mr. Moran was the policeman left on guard until the wagon and the society agent should come to take the body and the baby. He was seated by the window, on the only chair in the room, reading a newspaper. He told the women to shut their mouths and not trouble him.

The room where the tenants were gath-

The room where the tenants were gathered was not more than ten feet wide and not quite so deep as that, for the back ten-ements were shallow buildings. Still the owner felt justified in crowding two sets

owner felt justified in crowding two sets of rooms on each floor; a two-room set in front looking out on the court, and a three-room set in the rear—there was more space there, the stair well being in front—looking out on the sheds where the wagon peddlers stabled their horses.

The la.ger of the two rooms, the one in which the net bors were, contained the stove, a tin trunk Joe had brought with him from Italy, one chair and Pietro's cot. In the little room adjoining there was only a bundle of old blankets and clothes on which Joe, Maggie, and Tommy slept.

Pietro paid the rent for both rooms, but he had, besides his bed, his breakfast and dinner when there was anything to cook and Maggie was sober enough to prepare

a meal. This was not often lately, but THECAPTURE OF DAVIS was the only person in the world who ever treated him kindly, ever treated him at all, except to kick him out of the way, Tommy

"How did this happen, any way?" asked the policeman lazily when he had fininshed reading his paper. He was not much in-terested in the case, for he had not assisted in making the arrests, and would not be mentioned in the newspaper stories.

"Joe was drunk last night," Lizzie began, when Lena interrupted with:
"No drunker than Maggie. She filled that

bottle three times to my knowing."
"Lena pointed to a soda-water bottle on the cold stove. "Where'd she get the price?"

The women looked at each other know ingly, but did not answer the officer's ques-

Lizzie continued: "Joe's been up against it three days, spending the rent Pietro gave him; but I heard him come in last night He was drunk, but he did not beat Maggie. This morning he found the disposse notice, and that made him mad, though was him that spent Pietro's money should have gone to pay the rent, and he beat Maggie till Pietro got him to stop. Joe went out then and got drunk again. When he came back Pietro was gone, and Ioe done Maggie with the knife."
"Oh. Gesu! Oh. Santa Maria!" moaned the Italian woman to whom the men were making a rupning translation of Lizzie's

'Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" murmured Pietro, gently touching the child's still face resting against his breast. 'Joe hadn't worked for a week," said

"Well, an honest man can't find work every day," Lizzie exclaimed. This was a stab at Lena, whose man was a pickpocket, and when it was translated to the Italian women they shrugged their shoulders and turned their backs on Lena. Their husbands were honest me Some gathered waste paper, some peddled fruit from push carts and some swept the

"Well, he had a right not to ask her to make a living for him-and women chased off the streets!" Lena retorted angrily. No one responded to this, and she added going over to the policeman's chair and looking out of the window: "I wonder the

wagon wculdn't ccme She looked out on the stone paved court through a network of intervening clotheslines, she could see women and chidren sorting paper from the big bags the brought in from their carts on the street; writing paper in one pile, newspaper in another, glazed paper in a third, and straw paper and board in a fourth. They vere not working with their usual solemn in dustry and diregard of all else, by the whole family, helping the husband and father, can sometimes make \$5 a week. There was an unusual and powerful out side interest which made them frequently cast anxious and expectant glances at mouth of the tunnel-like passageway led to the street. It was through that pas sageway the wagon men must come with the box. Now and then one, more impatient than the others, would send a child out into the street to inquire if the wagon was in sight. Lena overheard one of the children return and report that the wagon could not yet be seen from either end of the bend, and then she said to Lizzie: "Come into my room. I have the price." As she passed Pietro she stopped, patted the baby's hands and said: "I'll send out for some milk for Tommy Pietro smiled his delight. He had given Joe all of his money, 10 cents, in the morning, as a bribe to stop beating Maggie, and sorrowed that he could not buy milk fo

"Towmy lik-a milk, good-a milk." The two women went into the back room on the floor below, and sent out one of the children in the hall with 8 cents and two bottles-5 cents for the gin and 3 cents for the milk. The bottles were soon returned filled and a mouthful of gin was given to the messenger—he declined milk—for his services. Pietro walked up and down the little room with Tommy, up and down, up and down, turning each time so that the baby not look into the next room where thing was in the corner. But Tommy Often Pietro went to the hall an looked down the gloomy stairs to see the women were coming with the milk. H hear them shouting songs in

room below, but no one came with the

.Towmy! Poor Towmy!" he said

the baby.

"Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" crooned the old man. He took off the red handkerchief from his throat and laid it over Tom my's head, for it was chill in the room Pietro thought hard of some other way of getting food Tommy could eat. Some of other women in the house might send out for a penny's worth of milk, he thought, he dreaded to ask them then. He knew they were all excited and expectant over the event of the coming of the wagon, and would resent any suggestion of a task which might cause them to miss a detail of th

"After the wagon has come and gonthen, if the agent don't come soon I'll ask, thought Pietro, and he held the bab closer to his rough coat, for the seemed more chill. Suddenly the court was alive with ex-

citement as a swarm of nto it through the passage from the street They heralded the wagon men, and the windows of the front and back tenement were instantly crowded with women' heads. There was a frantic rush up the stairs of the back tenement ahead of the wagon men, but this was roughly checked y the policemen on guard. The wagon had been delayed, and before the men had gathered up what they came for the agent arrived—the agent of the society which rescues children from that life, when those who would prevent such rescues by the law are in jail or in the morgue. Before the face of that agent the

children fled in terror and their mothers 'Where is the child?" the agent asked as he entered the room. The women pointed to Pietro. frightened, smiled, clinging closer

The agent in a kindly manner took the red handkerchief from off Tommy's head. He looked at the baby, felt its pulse, placed his ear to its heart, and then said "This goes with you, too. It is not Pietro felt of the baby's face, gasped and shrieked: "Oh, Gesu! Oh, Gesu! Poor Towmy Poor Towmy," and the women wailed, "Oh

LIFE AMONG AFGHANS.

Their Courage and Bravery Will Compure Favorably with Any Nation. Home and Country.

The courage and undaunted boldness of the Afghan will bear comparison with that of any nation, and many are the instance of personal bravery known to British of ficers. There lives in the Yusufzia country an old chieftain, the hero of many fights o now enjoys a well-earned pe with the village manor as a reward for henorable service, and who on more than one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer.
The present editor of the London Even-

ing Globe records with gratitude the fac

that thirty years ago his life was saved by Afzal Khan, the recent envoy to the Cabu court. Major Wigram Battye whom buried at Jelabad, fell on the battlefield of Fattahabad, in the conquest of Afghan ter-ritory, but they were Afghan soldiers of his own regiment who stood over his dead body to protect it from insult. sionary Tuting was attacking the faith of the Moslem in the streets of an Afghan city, when his life was attempted by an assassin, but it was his Afghan servant who saved the preacher's life, even in the midst of popular tumult. Colin Mackenzie, one of the Cabul pr's-oners of 1842, often told the story of that Afghan chivalry which protected the lives and honor of English ladies in the excite-ment of a national rebellion. Nor are they slow to appreciate the quality of braver in others. In the frontier war of 1863 young English officer was deserted by h native sepoys, and for some time held his own in the midst of a crowd of Afghan warriors. When the brave young soldier fell, covered with wounds, the very men who had cut him down bore testimony to the indomitable pluck of the young Englishman, who, rather than run with his men, faced the foe, and died like a man. They raised one united shout in the Afghan language as he fell: "Bravo!

bravo! there's a brave young fellow!" But they are revengeful and jealous. Gives Her Baby to the Lord.

Chicago Post.

At the North Clark-street barracks of the Salvation Army yesterday a baby was consecrated to a life of labor and prayer consecrated to a life of labor and prayer for the reclamation of sinners. There were many people present, and ali of them admired the baby, which was a beauty. It was held by a pretty lassle while Captain Winchell prayed for the parents, of whom the mother was of the army, but not the father. General Fielding blessed the baby, father. General Fleating blessed the baby, and there was much singing, testimonies, prayers and a collection, by which \$10 was added to the treasury of the Lord. Brigadier Fielding prayed a minute. The mother turned her child's face to the light,

"O Lord of Hosts, take this child to be thine own," said the General. "Yes, do," whispered the mother. "Po you wish to give up this child to he work of the Lord in the Salvation trmy? Are you willing that she be depised, forsaken of friends, beaten, kicked and cursed for the dear Christ's sake?"

"I am," said the mother. The baby

STORY TOLD BY A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

The President of the Confederacy Was Dressed in Woman's Clothing

and Carried a Water Pail. Thomas Lennon, in Steuben (Ind.) Repub-

Pursuant to your request I have undertaken the task of writing the little I can remember of the capture of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, an event at which I was present and took a part. The 1st of May, 1865, my regiment, the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, and others were laying at Macon, Ga. A scout from my regiment discovered "Old Jeff" and a train traveling south through the country. Jeff was passing himself as a Yankee quartermaster buying supplies for the Yankes army. This scout's name was William Wilson, and he was a native of East Tennessee. On making this important discovery he reported the fact to Colonel Minty, who reported it to General Wilson. The General at once sent out his pet regiment, the First Wisconsin. This regiment had been gone three days before General Wilson would give his consent to our colonel to let us go, When he did consent, however, we were at once started out, and marched three days under sealed orders; but on reaching Abbeville our orders were opened and then we knew for the first time what we were after. The next afternoon we ran on to one of Davis's wagons, which was loaded with flour and ham. The wagon had broken down and stood in the road. We had a good square meal out of ham and flapjacks. The regiment then marched a little ways further and went into camp. Colonel Prich-ard then sent orders around to each comcould march eighty miles to report at head-quarters. He detailed one company to go and guard a ford close by, Company L, I think it was. The squad that reported to ment at that time numbering 428 in all. The one hundred and eighteen men se lected to go started about 4 o'clock,

had to make a detour to head Jeff off. Our squad got to a place named Irwinsville about 1 o'clock that night and captured a darkey, of whom we made some inquiries. He told us there was a camp about "two whoops" from there: He meant about a mile. The darkey was made to pilot the command to where we got in sight of the rebel camp light. The colonel detailed a lieutenant and twenty men to go and sur time enough to of the command rest in on a lope. There was a light in Jeff's tent, and when he heard the clatter outside we could see him jump out of bed. We were sure then we had him. The colonel stationed guards on that tent right off. Another thing that convinced us was the very fine horse saddled and tied right by the tent. But it was the first night for twelve nights that Jeff had been with his family. When everything was secure the pickets were sent out for morning, It was then about 2 o'clock or half past.
About 3 o'clock our picket challenged a
soldier in rebel uniform: "Who comes
there?" The answer he got was, "Who be you?" The picket answered, "We are Yanks." The rebel answered, "You are just the men we are after." He then wheeled and ran, and our picket fired at him.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE. Pretty soon the advance charged on our picket and our reserve opened fire on them, and it was reported that eleven saddles were emptied by that volley. But the attacking party then fell back all the same and formed a line of battle and came for us again, and we had considerable skirmishing with them. After awhile we made up our minds we were fighting our own men, or men who had the same kind of guns that we had. So a sergeant in my company by the name of Reason Right lay down behind a log among them about a quarter of an hour before he could get them to cease firing on each other. It turned out that the men we took for enemies were a part of the First Wisconsin regiment, which had started out three days before we had. One incident which I recall in this unfortunate encounter: A comrade in my regiment, by the name of John Hines, was talking to a man on the other side. He said, "I do not want to shoot at you for I think you are a Yank." He had hardly the words spoken when the First Wisconsin cavalryman shot him through the mouth. two men, and a lieutenant lost his arm, shot through the elbow Now in the meantime we were under the impression that Jeff had an escort of two thousand Texan

rangers. was now coming daylight and Mrs. Davis came to the door of the tent and asked the guard if he would let her mother asked the guard if he would let her mother go to the creek to get some water. The guard told her "Yes," and soon a very tall woman came out with a shawl over her head and with a pail in her hand. As sne was passing the guards one of them said, "It is a damned queer woman that wears long boots." Jeff's morning gown had caught in one of the leathers he pulled had caught in one of the leathers he pulled his boots on with. The guard pointed this out to the other guards and all commanded him to halt, but he kept going right along, when Mrs. Davis seeing five ies pointed at her husband, could not stand it any longer and rushing out ex-claimed: "For God's sake, do not shoot the President of the Confederate States." So the cat was out of the bag and Jeff wanted the boys to shoot him then and there. We also captured some of the rebel Cabinet; I think there were twenty-one persons in all, and six army wagons, three ambulances and a carriage of the rock-away pattern; also the teamsters of each

The First Wisconsin was very mad. They went into camp the night before, within two and a half miles of Jeff, and the Fourth Michigan stole a march on them, and beat them out; so they were so mad that they would not help to guard Jeff back to Macon, but asked the privilege of seeing him next morning, so Jeff was taken out and the regiment took a circle around him and then left us with him.

OTHER INCIDENTS.

I remember another incident that occurred at that time. There was a deserter from the rebel army with us by the name of Lynch. As soon as we got into Davis's camp he took Jeff's horse and went into the woods with him a little ways, and it was said he got \$10,000 in gold out of the saddle pockets. It is also told that there was a nigger watching Lynch, who stole the money from him. When he got back to Macon, the government agent wanted Jeff's horse, Lynch thought he had as good a right to the horse as the agent, but he could see they were going to take the horse away from him anyway; so he went to clean his gun, and, sitting with his back to the horse, with the barrel resting on to the horse, with the barrel resting on his shoulder, pulled the trigger and shot the horse, That ended the horse dispute. He was shot, accidentally, of course, and we were all glad, for we did not like the

When we went to Macon with Davis after he was captured we did not know there was a reward offered for him. On the second day's march there were small hand hills posted at all the conspicuous places: "A Hundred Thousand Dollars for the capture of Jeff Davis." When Jeff saw those bills it made him sick; so he asked the Colonel if he would not let him ride his horse, for he said he was tired of riding in the carriage. He was granted the privilege, but his guard was doubled. At every crossroads he came to, he would look up and down it, and once he made the expression that if he could get three jumps ahead we might shoot all we pleased at him, but he soon got discouraged and after two but he soon got discouraged and after two hours went back into the carriage and rode with his family. He had a little boy with him about four years old. The boy would say to our boys, "Soldiers, let me have a gun. I want to shoot a Yank." Every night when we went into camp a heavy guard would walk in a circle around the prischers, then the relief in a circle around them, then the rest of the regiment laid down in a circle around the whole, so the rebel President was well guarded. When we got to Macon with Davis the town was full of people. Twenty of our sergeants were detailed to escort him to Fortress Monroe and lock him up.

A Horse's Cure for Rheumatism. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

A striking instance of animal instinct, or "horse sense," is revealed by the actions of an old horse owned by Henry Root, a prosperous farmer of Wissahickon. Mr. Root's horse has been troubled for months with rheumatism of the entire body, and all the treatment of learned veterinarians felled to relieve the suffering animal. One day, upon being turned into the meadow, the horse pawed up the loose earth with its hoof and stooped down to lick up the dirt. Almost immediately the beneficial effects were noticeable, and ever since the rheumatic horse has taken his daily dese of mud to the extent of nearly a half peck per day He is almost entirely cured.